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A USELESS SERMON.

()VER IN COLORADO not many days since a man died, and when his friends came to bury him they found sermon the man had written and laid away to be used on this occasion. It wasn't a long sermon. Indeed, it was hardly a sermon at all, this message from the dead, but it told what the man believed to be truths. The manuscript dealt mainly with religion, that all religions were frauds; that dency of the United States. heaven was a myth, and the hereafter

he accomplish? He offered no substitute for the work he sought to destroy. He did not tell his friends that the belief he entertained robbed death of its sting and took from the grave its victory. What was his object, after a lifelong silence, in trying to create doubts in the minds of his friends as to the life beyond the veil?

It may be true that death ends all; it may be true that the Christ was a fraud, and his promises of a place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest" were false. Perhaps there is no house where there are "many mansions," no life everlasting. But why should the faith of those who have faith in such things be destroyed?

Is any man harmed by the fact that his neighbor believes in a hereafter? Is the burden of life made lighter by the belief that when the coffin is lowered, when the grave is filled, when the mourners have withdrawn from the burial place, there will never by a joy ful reunion between the loved one and those who are left behind?

Suppose it is only a vague superstition that enables a stricken mother to bear bravely the separation from her ewe lamb; is she not better for it, and is the world not better and brighter and happier? There is no sorrow so opeless as the sorrow of the uneliever over his dead. There is no belief so comforting in the hour of tions of tobacco dealers who sell their desolation as the belief that in God's wares to children are contemplated and good time the family will be reunited it is given out that offenders will be in a land where there is no more sor-

And there is a material side to the Christian religion. It teaches unselfishness, forgiveness, kindness, patience, truth, good citizenship. A man may be a good citizen without being a Christian, but no man can be a good Christian without being a good citizen. Christianity has done the world more material service than all the atheism and agnosticism since the world began. And, while there will the school work. It is a well recognized always be atheists and agnostics, there scientific fact that the boy who smokes will always be Christians in ever increasing numbers, because Christianity form cannot make as good a record in his studies as the boy who is free from man heart for any assault to take it. the habit. Tobacco dulls the youth of

TWO KINDS OF FRAUD.

OUR MORNING CONTEMPORARY | made to give it up. is considerably exercised over the frauds alleged to have been committed by the Democrats of New York City in the late election. It overlooks the phenomenal vote for Odell in the districts outside the big metropolis, where it is barely possible that a few frauds were committed, for the Republicans cast as many votes as they needed to overcome the city majority for Coler. The trouble with our contemporary lies in its jaundiced view of things politi-

It cannot spare the time to clean up its own house, but runs around like an old woman gossip babbling about the frailties of its neighbors. Of course, if the New York City Democrats were guilty of any frauds it was most reprehensible in them. They should be hunted down and punished, but they should ished by heavy fines the examples will have for dock companions all the Republicans who were equally guilty, so taking boys' pennies for cigarettes.

The Herald believes the crusade can-

Why, if every illegal voter in the city of Philadelphia were arrested, The time to strike is now. there wouldn't be room enough in all the jails and penitentiaries of Pennsylvania to hold them. According to the Philadelphia North American, an inde- his only chance to capture the fellow pendent paper with Republican lean- is for the criminal to walk into the ings, five times as many votes were station and declare his identity. And cast in Philadelphia precincts for Pen- even then the chief would probably nypacker for governor a week ago last have his doubts. Tuesday as were cast in 1900 for Mc-Kinley for president.

Doesn't that look as if frauds were committed? Philadelphia, controlled by out in this country of the man who Quay, the bosom friend of President wrote "Beautiful Snow." We need that Roosevelt, is notoriously the worst gov- article in our business, and we can't erned city in the whole world. There get too much of it between now and is no longer any pretense at fair elec- Jan. 1. tions in Philadelphia. The ballot boxes are stuffed with unlawful votes, gangs of thugs and repeaters go from polling place to polling place, voting as often before the board of arbitration. If he as they desire and driving decent citi- can produce evidence sufficient to prove

his gang are able to give away to their case. friends franchises worth millions of dollars; they award contracts to highest instead of lowest bidders; they pil- will have to be good, and the druggists fer the school funds and they loot un- are quite sure the saloonkeepers will restrained and unrestrainable. Some be obliged to toe the mark. Between people have wanted to know why, if them we ought to have a highly moral the fraud is so notorious, nobody is old village.

punished for it. the Quay buccaneers control the courts genuinely celebrate this Thanksgiving as well as the city offices. They see day, address a postal card to Roland to it that turers of their own stripe B. Molineux, New York City.

clear a case may be made out by un willing prosecutors, no verdicts of guilty are possible. Tammany may be BY THE HERALD COMPANY bad, but Tammany is an angel of light and purity compared with the Quay ring in Philadelphia and the state of Pennsylvania.

We call attention to these matters not through any spirit of partisanship but merely to show that when Republicans start to cleaning house they should begin at home and not wear out their brooms and their mops in some other household. We respectfully suggest that the Tribune demand a purification of the Pennsylvania government, and then, having secured that, it can, with some show of consistency, call attention to New York derelictions.

places;
New York—Waldorf-Astoria; Imperial.
Boston—Young's Hotel.
Chicago—The Auditorium; Palmer House.
Kansas City—Coates House.
Omaha—Millard Hotel; Globe News Co.;
Megeath Stationery Co.
Depver—Brown Palace; Hamilton & Kendrick; Pratt Book Store.
Ean Francisco—Palace Hotel; N. Wheatley News Depot.
Portland, Ore.—Portland Hotel.
Los Angeles—Oliver & Haines.
Minneapolis—West Hotel.
St. Louis—The Planters': The Southern. mitted to the union at the coming sespression has been given to the powers publican principles now and forever is to be the consideration for admission. The idea of carrying partisanship to such an extreme must be repugnant to most people, but neither party has much right to criticise the other.

It will doubtless be remembered that the admission of Colorado to the Union was made possible through the action of a Democratic house with the distinct understanding that the new state would align itself with the party of Jefferson. It will also be remembered that the pledge was broken at the following presidential election, in 1876, and that and the writer expressed the belief it cost the Democratic party the presi-

Whether Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma will be more faithful to the Republicans than Colorado was to the from beyond the grave to tear at the Democrats remains to be seen, but fabric of Christianity. What good did there can certainly be no doubt that

By stealing the elections, Quay and to how the arbitrators will decide the

The answer is found in the fact that If you want to find a man who will

news and Views of the Book World.

BY HERBERT BREWSTER. T IS not generally known that Frank R. Stockton had just completed a long novel at the time of his death "The Captain's Toll Gate" is the title which he had selected for the story, and it is likely that it will be prought out under this name. At the present time Mrs. Stockton, who is living quietly at her home in Charlestown, W. Va., is making arrangements for the

Va., is making arrangements for the serial publication of the story, and its publication in book form may not be expected before next fall. The manuscript is said to be more like the work of Stockton in his earlier days than that of recent years, and to be altogether a very pleasing tale.

Among the books of the present season there are two notable posthumous works by well known writers of fiction: "Wanted a Chaperon," by Paul L. Ford, and "No Other Way," by Sir Walter Besant. Both of these stories had been completed some time before their authors died, a fact which shows the curlous relation which the author bears to his public. Someone once remarked to Henry Wallace Phillips that Red Saunders, one of his creations, seemed to be a typical character of the west as it was a few years ago.

"Well, he ought to be," replied Mr.

character of the west as it was a few years ago.

"Well, he ought to be," replied Mr. Phillips. "I gathered up-my western experience and atmosphere all the way from eight to fifteen years ago. It is two years since I wrote the stories about "Red," and I have worked on a number of others since then. An author is always a long way behind the publisher aften takes his time in getting the products of genlus out before the public. We never know quite where we are with the latter class."

Professor J. W. Jenks of Cornell university, who has recently returned from a tour of the world, is revising and rewriting his work, "The Trust Problem," in order to make it thoroughly up to date. The new edition is to be published within a few days.

Lake City has grown alramingly. It is not at all an unusual sight to see puffing away at will the morning the m

head. He had a little money and he decided he would establish a journal in the interests of the Hebrew language and literature. No laws would prevent him here from speaking his mind in his beloved tongue. He would bring into vivid being again the national spirit of the people, make them love with the old fervor their ancient traditions and language. It was the race's spirit of humanity and feeling for the ethical beauty, not the special creed of Judaism, for which he and the other scholars care little, that filled him with the enthusiasm of an apostle. In his monthly magazine, the Western Light, he put his best efforts, his best thoughts about ethical truths and literature. The poet Dolitzki contributed in purest Hebrew verse, as did many other Ghetto lights. But it received no support, few bought it and it lasted only a year. Then he gave up, bankrupt in money and hope.

The failure left in Schwartzberg's soul a materialism of the Jews in America. Only in Europe, he thinks, does the love of the spiritual remain with them. Of the rabbis of the Ghetto he spoke with hitternees. "They," he said, "are the natural teachers of the Deople. They could do much for the Hebrew language and literature. Why don't they? Because they know no Hebrew and have no culture, in Russia the Jews demand that their rabbis should be learned and spiritual, but here they are ignorant and materialistic." So Mr. Schwartzberg wrote a pamphlet which is now famous in the Ghetto. "I wrote it with my heart's blood," he said with snapping eyes. "In it I painted the spiritual condition of the Jews in New York in the sloomiest colors."

Mr. Hapgood tells also of the submerged scholar of the Canal street printing shou

breath as a tremendously learned affair, yet the old man has been able thus far to issue only two volumes because of a lack of money.

The New York Ghetto conceals many artists, musicians and writers of whom the world will yet hear. Mr. Happood has done a real service in recording, among other things, a criticism of American writers by a Ghetto craftsman.

"It is a vast and fruitful land," he says, "but there is no order and little sincerity as far as art is concerned. Your writers try to amuse the readers, to entertain them merely, rather than to give them serious and vital truth. Why is it that a race which is clever and progressive in all mechanical and industrial matters, which in such things has no overpowering respect for the past, is weighted down in art by a regard for all the literary ghosts of by-gone times? Look at the books put forth in any one year in the United States. What a senseless hodge podge it is. Variety of all kinds, historical novels, short stories, social plays, costume plays, bindings, illustrations, editions de luxe, new editions of books written in all ages alongside of the latest productions of the day. The Americans have great tact in most things. They are the cleverest people in the world, and yet they are backward in literature.

And to the dischard of the second process of

ng. After three minutes the boy said:
"Excuse me—but I am in a hurry."
"What do you want?" he was asked.

"You do? Well," snorted the man of business, "why are you in such a hur-"Got to hurry," replied the boy. "Left school yesterday to go to work, and haven't struck anything yet. I can't waste time. If you've got nothing for me to do say so, and I'll look elsewhere. The only place I can stop long is where they pay me for it."

they pay me for it."
"When can you come?" asked the surprised merchant.
"Dog't have to come," he was told.

"I'm here now and would have been to work before this if you had said so."

Swear Not by the Stars. (Chicago Record-Herald.)

"But how can you be certain that you love me?" she asked as they finally got away from the crowd and were sure that nobody could overhear them.

"Darling!" he exclaimed, "how can you ask me that? Do you see yon stars?"

"Yes," she whispered, permitting him to draw her a little closer to him. "How splendid they seem!"

"How can I be sure they are above us? I know they are. In the same way I know that I hove you as I have never loved before—as I never can love again."

"But," she answered after a long, long sigh, "we are not sure that the stars are above us. They may really be below us. The earth is whirling in space, and we"—

"Ah, my sweet one," he interrunted. (Chicago Record-Herald.)

are above us. They may really be below us. The earth is whirting in space, and we"—"Ah, my sweet one," he interrupted. "never mind the stars. You know I got a divorce last week, don't you."
"Yes." she murmured, snuggling yet a little closer.
"And we know that you've got one coming in a day or two, don't we?"
"Oh, my love," she said. "I am trembling so. But I'm glad. These are things we are sure of. I saw the judge on the car this afternoon and flirted with him all the way downtown. We shall be so happy, won't we, dearest?"

His head was bent downward. Their faces were very near together. But let us turn from the sacred scene.

An Inexcusable Pun.

(Tit-Bits.)

Or. Percival, the present bishop of Hereford, is a stanch teetotaler, and in connection with his well known views on the subject many good stories are related. Passing through a town noted for its breweries, the doctor noticed that many signs of mourning were apparent. Stopping a pedestrian, the bishop asked:
"Why is the flag half-mast high?"
"Because," was the reply, "the brewer's wife is dead.
"Ah, how sad," answered Dr. Percival, adding, as he gazed round him, "and I see that the barrels, too, are in tiers."

Had a Cinch. (Cleveland Plain Dealer.) "George bet me a pan-election." way did you bet?" "Which way did you bet?" "I really don't know. I just know I get the gloves either way." orge bet me a pair of gloves on the

Old Sport Discusses the By Joel L. Priest. Police Situation.



T HE Old Sport stood by the cigar case, looking mournfully out at the sleety rain. Johnny was busy at the desk.

looking mournfully out at the sleety rain. Johnny was busy at the desk, checking over a lot of the credit checks Jimmie is so fond of finding in the cash register, and he, too, looked mournful. "But I don't see no call for you to look sad, Sport," he said, as he looked up from his work. The Old Sport carefully flicked a quarter-inch of ash from his cigar before he replied:

"The heart of man is prone to sorrer with the sorrers of his friends, John, even as the nose paint flies downward. I been spendin' a hour this mornin' with a old friend that's in sore trouble. I alloods to Sam'l Paul, the boy that Ez has put in the lookout chair over at police headquarters. Sam'l is shorely discouraged. He allows that he has done his derndest to contribute to the gayety of nations, but his labors don't seem to appreciated none to speak of.

"Sport,' he says, 'the says, 'but dern me if I'm goin' to put the livery stable? Is there a hoss in it that don't nicker when he sees me comin'? Is there a animal's eye that don't shine when it turns toward these whiskers that you see before you?

"No, Sport, he says, 'it ain't light. The boys that is there shells an' the crooked box, has got to live. An' so've I got to live. An' a quarter-inch of ash from his cigar before he replied:

"The heart of man is prone to sorrer with the sorrers of his friends, John, even as the nose paint flies downward, I been spendin' a hour this mornin' with a old friend that's in sore trouble. I alloods to Sam'l Paul, the boy that Ez has put in the lookout chair over at police headquarters. Sam'l is shorely discouraged. He allows that he has done his deridest to contribute to the gayety of nations, but his labors don't seem to be appreciated none to speak of.

"Sport,' he says, 'the trouble about this here job is that a man's expected to waste too cussed much time on it,' he says. 'It's this way, Sport,' he says. 'Im at the stable laborin' with a hoss that's mighty nigh all to the bad with epizoetic, complicated with a touch of ringbone, when a call comes from the police station that another sucker's been bumped for his roll. Nothin' will do but I must come over right away.

"Is it right, Sport,' he says, 'for me

somethin' on that order quite a spell back, but he don't feel no call to apologize to him none, because Sam'l says he's got Scott set back beyond the distance flag. An' I shore backs his play, not bein' wise none to this here Scott.

"What call has anybody got to drag Sam'l away from the sick bed of a sulferin' hoss? Aln't his first duty to the hoss? Supposin' you was spavined, John; supposin' you had burrs in your hocks an pink eye an' distemper; is there anything in the world that would gladden you more'n to see Sam'l Pau's kind old face, all framed up in the nice lambrequin he wears? Wouldn't you feel better the minute you seen Eam'l's little black grip? Of course. It stands to reason that you'd chirk up some immediate. That's the way with hosses an' mules an' things.

"Sport, says Sam'l to me, after splittin' out the po'try, 'it makes me hot, every time I draws my salary, to think of the time I've wasted settin' in the police station listenin' to hollors. Whilst I was over there the other day for a minute, just a minute, Sport,' he says, for I wouldn't neglect the hosses no longer'n that, a feller brought back to the stable a lovely runabout with mud splashed all over it an' the boys there forgot to charge him extra for the mud. Had I been there, like I'd orter been, I'd of been two bits to the good right now.

"Well, I reckon I deserves to lose the coin, though,' he says, 'for neglectin' my business thataway. Tm thinkin' I'll have to fit me up a few stalls over at the stable for the coppers so's I can have 'em where I won't have to run out every time one of 'em wants to talk to me. I'd bed 'em down good with hay an' give 'em a quart of oats onet a day so they wouldn't have no kick comin'. Believe I'll go over to see Ez about it right now, Sport,' he says, an' so I come away."

"But I ain't dead wise to Sam'l's play," said Johnny. "Ain't a chief of police supposed to know nothin' but a shore cute for glanders?"

"Hush, John," was the reply. "Hush. I fears if you keeps on you'll display a "Hush, John," was the reply. "Hush. I fears if you keeps on you'll display a painful ignorance about the police game. Get thee to a livery stable, my son, an' there get busy wisin' up on municipal government."

About Twenty Years From Now.

(Life.)

It was high noon in the palatial offices of the Hot and Cold Air Trust Operator, Number One.

The great man himself had just come in, and, after carefully drawing his day's profits from the safe, sat reading his morning mail.

A messenger approached.

"Sir, there's a man outside to see you."

"Who is he?"

"The president of the United States."

The great personage frowned. (Life.)

The great personage frowned.
"That fellow," he said, ominously, "has been hanging around here for a week.
Tell him to be off. I have nothing for

Grandpa's Compensation.

(Baptist Commonwealth.)
Mary, aged 5, was taking her dinner at
mer grandmother's, and had asked for

some grandmothers, and had asked for some pie.

"Have patience," said her grandmother.

"Which would you rather have," asked her grandfather, "patience or pie?"

"Ple!" replied Mary, decidedly.

"But there might not be any left for me," said her grandfather.

"But," said Mary, "there would be the patience, grandad."

Another Election Row. (Chicago Record-Herald.)

"What became of that Sunshine club which Daisy started?"
"Oh, it's under a cloud. After the first annual election of officers it was impossible to get a quorum, owing to the fact that no two members of the club were 'on speaking terms."

Well Done and Rare, Church—How time changes things. Gotham—What now? "Why the works of the old masters just have been very well done once upon

"Undoubtedly."
"Well, see how rare they are now."

Announcement Extraordinary!

Commencing Monday Morning, November 17,

LADIES' SOLID \$40.50 GOLD WATCH for



TELL your husband about them; tell your "best beau" that you wish you had one, and don't YOU forget where they are sold. They are marked with the stamp of the U.S. Assay, which guarantees the quality as 14 karat, solid; they are fitted with a Waltham movement, are stem set, hand engraved hunting cases, and are thoroughly reliable

WE'VE ONLY A FEW.

So Make Your Choice Early

have another shipment of those famous

And while you are purchasing the

watch, we would remind you that we

Alarm Clocks

The kind that wakes the hard sleeper, and starts him off on time. Other merchants still ask \$1.00 for the same clock, but as long as we have any they are yours for-

And one other advance Holiday purchase you ought to make at this time is a set of

Rogers' 1847 Knives @ Forks

Half dozen of each. There is nothing better made, and they will give you lifetime service. The regular \$5.50 goods can be had here this week for-

E KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF SILVERWARE, including the World's Best (Reed & Barton's goods); no other makes are quite so handsome and rich in design. We are particularly proud of these goods, and extend an invitation to every lady to call and "feast their eyes" on them. Of course we want to sell them, but whether you buy or not, we want you to see them.

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